

Acres, and A. T. Hubbard, just a few  
Of the many bankers who have dwelt  
In you mansion, and who oft have knelt  
At the feet of many a maiden fair,  
And each received of gushing love his share.  
There is Murphy, Esten and Van Nostrand, too,  
Who through theodolite and compass view,  
By planted stakes, their many complex lines,  
And take field notes, with professional signs.  
Then Ralph Andros, who can tame with skill,  
A goat that would any other person kill.  
Then great John McKeown, of wondrous fame,  
Who as a lawyer hath hewn out a name,  
And who for the House of Commons ran,  
Was sadly beaten by another man.  
The Government, which he well supported,  
Soon as his political friends reported,  
Declared that they would give to John McKeown  
The highest office in their gift, as soon  
As the Tories from the treasury bench were thrown,  
And this event soon happened, as 'tis known.  
Then John as County Attorney was installed,  
And into the sweets of office gently crawled,  
Since then he has performed his duties well,  
And into prison sent many men to dwell ;  
Besides the legal knowledge he has in store,  
As a scholar stands high in classic lore.